



"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XIII—NO. 16.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1861.

WHOLE NO. 640.

NINA.—A TALE.

[CONCLUDED.]

GODFREY, after obtaining the prize at the tournament, had gone to his uncle's to know the result of his application: but not finding him at home, he imagined that the old gentleman was detained by some difficulty started by the father: returned home, in other respects so easy in his mind, and so full of confidence in the promise of the negotiator, that in coming into his house he ordered a minstrel to be brought to amuse him with some love songs. He flattered himself that his uncle would take a pleasure in coming personally to announce his good fortune, and in the fond expectation his eyes were continually directed towards the gate.

Suddenly he perceives one coming. This was a servant, who, saluting the knight, asked him, the name of his master, for the loan of his fine grey palfrey, for the morrow.

"On! with all my heart," answered Godfrey; and for a longer time, if he wants it. But what reason has he for the horse?"

"Sir, it is to carry my lady Nina to Medot." "Your lady? and what is she going to do at Medot?"

"To be married. Why, don't you know that my uncle has demanded her hand of my lord, and that they are to be married to-morrow morning?"

At these words the knight was petrified with astonishment. He could not at first believe so much treachery, and made the servant a second assurance of his faith. Unfortunately for him, the offenders were beyond the reach of his vengeance. He walked about for some time in silence, with his eyes cast towards the ground, and full of fury. At length he stopped on a sudden, called his squire, ordered him to saddle the grey horse, and to deliver it to the servant.

"She shall mount it," said he to himself; and in mounting it she will at least bestow another thought on me. And shall I not be happy to contribute to her pleasure? But no! I accuse myself falsely. They have certainly constrained her; and she is no less to be pitied than myself. It is who have her heart; and whilst I live, mine devoted to her."

The knight then called all his people; distributed among them the little money he had, and bid them that they were that instant at liberty to quit his service. They, in the utmost agitation, intreated him to let them know in what particular they had been so unfortunate as to incur his displeasure.

"I am entirely satisfied with you all," answered he, "and I wish it were in my power to make you a better recompence for your services, but life is now a burthen to me; farewell, begone, and let me die!"

The poor servants threw themselves, in tears, at his feet; and implored him to suffer them at least to remain with him to alleviate his misfortunes. He left them without answer, and went about himself up in his chamber.

By this time they were at rest in the father's hall. In order to rise betimes, they had gone

soon to bed, and the watch had orders to ring the alarm-bell at break of day. Nina alone could not enjoy repose. The moment that was to begin her misery approached; and she found herself now without resource. Twenty times in the course of the day had the unfortunate maid sought the means of escaping. No danger would have deterred her, had it been possible to make the attempt; but she had too many eyes to deceive; she had, therefore, no remedy but patient resignation, no consolation but her tears.

Towards midnight the moon arose. The sentinel, who had been carousing a little over night, and had, in consequence, fallen asleep, awaking suddenly and seeing a great light, thought the day was considerably advanced, and hastened to give the signal with the alarm-bell. All immediately began to rise, and the servants to saddle the horses. The grey palfrey, as the handsomest, was destined for the young lady. At the sight of it, she could not dissemble her grief but burst into tears.—They did not pay much attention to this circumstance, attributing her affliction to the regret she felt at leaving her father's house. But when the time came for her to mount the horse, she absolutely refused; and they were obliged by force to place her upon the saddle. At last they set out. First marched the servants, male and female; then the gentry who were to be present at the nuptials; and after them the bride, who, in no great haste to get to her journey's end, kept in the rear of the cavalcade. She was entrusted to the care of an old knight; a man of prudence and good repute, who was to be her god-father at the nuptials. He closed the procession.

To arrive at Medot, they had three leagues to go through the forest, by a cross-road so narrow, that two horses could not without difficulty walk abreast. This obliged them to make a long file. For the first half league they jogged on pleasantly enough; but the old people who had not taken their usual rest, soon were overpowered by sleep. You would have laughed to see their hoary heads bobbing from one side to another, and dropping forwards on the necks of their horses.

The bride followed, too much overwhelmed with sorrow to observe them. Like a criminal led to execution, who by every trifling pretext for delay strives to spin out a few moments of existence, she checked now and then the progress of her horse.—Thus they had not proceeded a league, before she was, without intending it, separated from the rest of the cavalcade. Her old guide was no more aware of it than his god-father as he took an opportunity of finishing his nap like the others.—Nevertheless, he sometimes half opened his eyes; but as he always saw the grey palfrey before him, they quickly closed again as it were by instinct. As for the horses, they had no occasion for the guidance of their riders; in such a road they could not lose themselves.

There was, however, a spot where the road branched out into two tracks. The one was a continuation of that to Medot, the other a by-road to Godfrey's. All the horsemen in the troop, of course proceeded in the first of these; and the old god-father's beast followed the track

of the rest. As for the grey palfrey, since he had of late carried his master from the pollern gate, he had been so accustomed to the other path, that he naturally pursued it.

Before one could get from that place to Godfrey's, it was necessary to ford a small rivulet. At the noise made by the horse in stepping into the water, Nina was roused from her melancholy reverie. She calls her god-father to her assistance, but sees nobody. Finding herself alone in a forest at such a deadly hour, she at first shivered with an emotion of terror: but the idea of escaping the evil, with which she was threatened, soon overpowered her fear, and she pushed her horse boldly into the river, resolved rather to perish than bear the consummation of those hateful nuptials. But there was nothing to apprehend. The horse, according to his usual custom, crossed the ford, and soon arrived in safety at his master's house.

As soon as the sentinel perceived the lady, he sounded his horn to give the alarm, and then came himself to ask, through the wicket of the draw-bridge, what was her pleasure.

"Open the gate quickly," said the damsel, "and give refuge to a woman who is pursued by robbers."

The man looked through the wicket, and saw a young lady of a very handsome mein, covered with a rich scarlet mantle. The dress, the beauty of the damsel, the grey horse that she rode, which appeared to him his master's palfrey, astonished him so as to make him believe it was some friendly fairy, whom compassion at his master's sorrow had brought to comfort him. He ran immediately to inform Godfrey of this extraordinary incident.

Godfrey had passed the night in the most heart-rending anguish: but when he heard a lady was at his gate, he went instantly through courtesy to receive her, and let down the draw-bridge. What unexpected joy, what unlooked for happiness to behold his mistress! She rushed into his arms, crying out to him, to save her; at the same time looking back with terror, as if she had really been pursued by ravishers.

"Compose yourself," said he, "and take courage; I hold you secure in my arms, and from this moment no power on earth shall tear you from me."

He then called his people, to whom he gave his several orders, and raised the draw-bridge. But that was not all. To secure and improve his good fortune, he judged it necessary immediately to espouse Nina; and for that purpose having sent for his chaplain, he conducted her to the altar. Hilarity then resumed the place of melancholy in the castle. Master and servants, all were equally intoxicated with joy; never did transport so rapidly succeed despair.

It was far otherwise at Medot.—All had arrived there, except the damsel and her guardian. In vain were they inquired for; no one knew how they were separated, nor what had happened to detain them. The god-father at length appeared, still nodding upon his horse; and was greatly astonished, when they awaked him, at missing the ward. As it was conjectured that she must have

lost her way in the forest, several of the servants were sent in pursuit of her.---But all their doubts and apprehensions were soon cleared up by the presence of a Messenger from Godfrey, who announced the safe arrival of the lady at his master's castle and in his name invited thither the uncle and all the company that was to have been present at the marriage. They accordingly repaired with expedition to the castle of Godfrey, who met them at his gate, holding by the hand his new spouse; and he presented her to them under that title.

This at first excited a loud murmur throughout the troop. But Godfrey had entreated their attention, and related to them all the circumstances of his amour up to the adventure of the palfrey, the scene was entirely changed. Those veterans, grown grey in the principles of honor and fidelity, even showed some indignation at being made the accomplices of so base a perfidy; and they all went in a body to press the father to ratify the union of the two lovers. The old lord found it impossible to withhold his assent; and the nuptials were celebrated at Godfrey's. The uncle died within the year, and the knight succeeded to the inheritance of Medot. Soon after his father-in-law alforded; when he became one of the richest lords in Champagne, and lived with his wife happy and respected.

A FRAGMENT ON GAMING.

***** In the Eastern empire of Indostan, a wealthy citizen of Isphahan, gaming with an inhabitant of a neighboring kingdom, lost his whole estate!--yet actuated with a desire of regaining what he had lost, and hoping for a reverse of fortune, he brought to the stranger his amiable wife, the companion and partner of all his sorrows; and his two only sons, the precious pledges of their mutual affection.---Cruel fortune still continuing against him, he lost all!-----The stranger claimed them (according to the custom of the country) as his slaves!-----The citizen, regretting his folly, and abhorring the wretched state of slavery to which he had reduced his wife and children, resolved in a fit of desperation, to free them from it.---He drew his dagger and plunged it into the breast of his beloved consort!-----then reeked into the hearts of his dear and innocent babes!-----Now, being robbed of all the comforts of this world---and death being more acceptable to him than life, he finished the horrid transaction by stabbing himself!*****

THE SIGHT OF HOME.

From St. PIERRE'S "Studies of Nature."

I REMEMBER, that when I arrived in France, in a ship which was returning from the Indies, as soon as the sailors perfectly distinguished the land of their native country, they became almost entirely incapable of attending the ship. Some fixed their eyes upon it, incapable of turning them away; others put on their best clothes as if they were immediately to disembark; there were some who stood talking to themselves; and others wept. As we approached, the confusion of their senses increased. Having been absent during several years, they admired incessantly the verdure of the hills, the foliage of the trees, and even the rocks of the shore, covered with sea weeds and mosses; as if every object was new to them. The spires of the villages in which they were born, which they recognized among the distant fields, and named one after another, filled them with extacies of joy.---But when the vessel entered the port and they saw upon the quays their friends, their fathers, their mothers, their wives and their children, who held out their arms, while their eyes were consumed with tears, and who called them by their names, it was impossible to keep one of them on board;---they all leaped ashore, and it was necessary, according to the custom of that port, to hire another set of seamen to bring the ship to anchor.

ANECDOTES.

PARSON Patten disliked the Athanasian Creed so much that he could not be prevailed upon to read it. Archbishop Secker being informed of this, sent the arch-deacon to ask his reason.---"I don't believe it," said the priest. But your Metropolitan does. It may be so, rejoined Mr. Patten, he can afford it---he believes at the rate of seven thousand pounds per annum, and I believe only at the rate of fifty.

A Country parson, who used frequently to pray for good harvests, rain, &c was requested by one of his congregation to pray for clear weather.---"I would willingly do it to oblige you," answered the parson, "but it will be to no purpose while the wind comes from that quarter."

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

ODE TO LAURA.

THE charms that my LAURA possesses,
No mortal on earth can excel,
With charms all around her she blesses,
And with her the graces do dwell.

The Cupids that play round her eyes
To love's purest pleasures invite;
She seiz'd on my heart by surprise,
And I yielded as tho' 'twere her right.

No languor her chains can attend,
With joy would I wear them for life;
For misfortune what ample amend
To be blest with so lovely a wife!

With what pleasure would time pass away,
While LAURA was plac'd by my side!
Each year would appear but a day,
So sweetly the Seasons would glide.

January 20, 1801.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

TO MARIA.

AH! come Maria, come my much lov'd Fair,
Dispel the cares that vex my troubled breast;
At thy approach, swift flies corroding care,
Thy smile can give new life---can make me blest.

While thou art absent, hence, and far away,
How do I chide each tedious, ling'ring hour;
Hope, smiling hope, withholds her cheering ray,
And dark the clouds of black misfortune lour.

In vain the Shepherd tunes his oaten reed!
In vain rich Ceres crowns the yellow vale;
Pensive I wander o'er the flowery mead,
Till thy return, e'en nature's charms will fail.

April 25th, 1799.

CORYDON.

VERSES.

ON the brink of the beach as I silently roam'd,
My sorrows I mark'd on the wave-soften'd sand,
Loud blew the wild winds, and the white billows foam'd,
And threw the salt fleeces of surf on the strand,
Fast flow'd in the tide, yet regardless I stood,
And felt the white billows advance to my feet,
The sand marks of sorrow were lost in the flood,
And the spray of the storm on my bare bosom beat.

In the story of woe not a thought could I trace,
Not the wreck of a word, and I said to the sea,
"Ah! if thus you the story of woe can efface,
Your bounty might sure be extended to me.

If here I remain on your billow-beat shore,
No friend near at hand in false pity to save,
My woes like their story, would quickly be o'er,
And both owe to thee, foaming Ocean, a grave!"

The billows roll'd on, when something within,
More strong than the ocean, seem'd thus to reply---
"Man no murder shall do, e'en in sorrow 'tis sin;"
I felt the command, and obey'd with a sigh.

SONNET TO THE CYPRESS.

Thro' the long grafs, that shrouds the lonely grave,
When black at eve the gusts of winter blow,
I love to mark thy gloomy branches wave,
And bend, lamenting o'er the dust below.

Hush'd every accent, save the tempest's moan,
Which waves the tall weeds on the mould'ring sod;
Thou, faithful partner of the tomb I alone
Do'st own thy master, in his last abode.

Blest be thy shade, in endless verdure blest,
And hallow'd every foot, that lingers near!
Ah! when the turf shall on my bosom rest,
Still may'st thou murmur, 'mid the silence drear,
To loath, when e'en affection shall decay,
And leave the slumberer, to his kindred clay.

EPITAPH ON A GREAT TALKER.

BENEATH this monument is laid,
A man who talk'd full fifty years:
Glory to God, rest to the dead,
And peace on earth to our poor ears.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

THE ABBE DE L'EPEE.

AMONG the illustrious characters who have adorned the Eighteenth Century, Humanity places in the foremost rank the Abbe de L'Epee.

This Philanthropist conceived and executed the arduous task of creating anew the minds of those unhappy persons, who being born destitute of that sense which is the principle inlet of knowledge, seemed to be doomed by Nature to a state little superior to the beasts of the field. With a mind comprehensive and ardent, did he carry his plan into effect: and France and Europe were astonished to see Mathematicians, Poets and Philosophers, without the sense of hearing or the power of speech. The following anecdote is related of this worthy man---

One evening the patrol of Paris brought to his house a boy about ten years of age, deaf and dumb, and covered with rags. They had found him exposed upon the Pont Neuf. A man of the Abbe's penetration was not long in discovering that rags were not his usual covering; and conceiving that the child had been ill treated through some nefarious design, he adopted him, and placed him in his school. Here the little Theodore, for so his patron called him, gave proof of mental powers unlimited: and, in process of time, disputed the prize of poetry in the Lyceum of Paris, and obtained it.

In the mean time the Abbe gained from him such information, as convinced him that the youth was the heir of a large fortune in some of the provinces of the south of France, and had been purposely lost by his interested guardians. He conceived the plan of restoring him to his rights. For this purpose he travelled on foot through the principal towns and cities of that region, but without effect. At length, on entering Toulouse, Theodore recollected the place of his nativity---they walked the streets---and he saw, with emotion beyond expression, the palace of his father!

The Abbe found that this palace, and all the other possessions appertaining by right to the young man, were held by his maternal uncle, by virtue of a certificate of his death. He made known his story to a celebrated Advocate. The old servants of the family were found, and recognized their young Lord. The usurper was dispossessed, and the youth restored to his estates and honors.

This story (unquestionably a fact) has been made the subject of a Comedy; and has been eminently successful in Paris. A copy is now in the hands of the Manager of our Theatre and we hope it will be added to the treasures of our Stage.

New-York, January 21.

THE TWO LOVERS.

At the capture of the town of Oia, in the East Indies by the Portuguese, in 1508, an officer of that nation, named Sylveria, observed one of the natives, of a noble aspect, escaping by a private path, with a woman of exquisite beauty. He ran instantly in order to secure them. The Indian did not appear at all apprehensive for his own safety; but after turning about to defend himself, he made sign for his companion to fly. Her faithful love would permit her to obey his injunctions. She assured her lover that she would rather die on the spot, or be a captive with him, than to escape alone. Sylveria, affected by the very of the one, and the magnanimity of the other, gave them liberty to depart; saying at the same time, "I forbid that my sword should destroy such noble and tender ties."

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

Alexander the Great asked Diomedes, a famous pirate who was brought prisoner to him, "why he was so bold as to rob and plunder in his seas;" he answered, "that he did it for his profit, as Alexander himself used to do. But, because I do it with a single galley, I am called a pirate; but you, sir, who do it with a great army, are called a King." This bold answer so pleased Alexander that he set him at liberty.

SINGULAR TRUTH.

SOME nights ago, a man, holding his horse by the die, while he conversed a few minutes with a friend attempting to remount, to his astonishment found, the sharper had marched off with his saddle.

MAXIM-----IT is good to be wife, it is wife to be just, and just to be constant.

TO VIRTUE.

WHAT though beneath a humble roof,
I live, and die, unknown to fame!
From courts and cities far aloof,
And great ones ne'er pronounce my name.

Though soon, beside some lonely hearth,
I'm lodg'd, mid undistinguish'd dead,
With not a friend to weep my death,
Nor place a marble at my head;---

Yet, VIRTUE! thou shalt make me blest,
Thy hand shall lead, thy arm sustain;
And LIFE, with thee shall lack no zest,
And DEATH, with thee shall give no pain!

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1801.

The \$5,000 dollar prize in the Lansingburgh and Washington Navigation Lottery was drawn by Allen & Dunham, of Washington, Washington county, in this state. These men own a farm on shares, in the above county. No 6963 in the above Lottery, was drawn on Monday; a prize of 5,000 dollars, and is owned by G. Scriba and others.

A singular circumstance of pairicide was lately discovered in the department of Herault in France. A man the name of Tabary, was shot by his own son, as they were at night from a tavern. To the crowd assembled to see the report, the murderer said, that his father had been wounded by three men unknown, and that he had received a wound across the fingers in defending him. The son seeing his bloody hand, and the father being lifeless, he passed without suspicion. But on going to the hospital next day, the surgeon found the wound was not a stab but a fire arm. This led to a further enquiry, it was found that the weapon burst in his hand. He confessed his guilt and was executed.

FIRE AT ALBANY.

We announce with regret, that on Saturday 17th inst. Chocolate, Starch, Hair-Powder, Mustard, Snuff and various Manufactories, belonging to Messrs. Caldwell and others, and situated in the vicinity of Albany, were entirely consumed by fire. They were very valuable, and of great public utility---and were several years since destroyed by the same element, and were re-built at a vast expense Mr. Caldwell---to whose enterprising spirit the community were indebted for their first establishment.

THE FRENCH TREATY.

WASHINGTON, January 23.

This day the question was taken in the Senate on the ratification of the French Treaty. The form of ratification was submitted by a committee of the Senate, and was in substance as follows:---That the Senate advise and consent to ratification of the same, provided the second and third articles be expunged, and two articles be added; one declaring this convention shall not be construed to operate contrary to any former treaty with any state or sovereign, the other that the Convention should be limited to ten years duration.

Questions were taken in striking out of the form of ratification, that part of the proof which expunges the 2d article, that part which expunges the 3d article, and the part declaring the convention, shall not operate contrary to former treaties, &c. &c. And they were all struck out of the bill. The limitation was preserved in it; and on the question of ratification with this limitation, the votes in favor of it were 16, against it 14. Two thirds being necessary to ratify a Treaty, the question was lost.

The Senate have negatived the first section of the "bill for erecting a Mausoleum to George Washington, previously passed in the House of Representatives.

DREADFUL FIRE AT PROVIDENCE.

A letter from Providence, to a gentleman in this city, dated 22d inst.

I cannot describe to you the situation of Providence at this moment---thirty houses and stores have been burnt to the ground this morning. Among the unfortunate sufferers, are John Cortis, whose store, &c. were consumed, and it first commenced; Saml Arnold's store; Thos. L. Halfey, do; John T. Clark, do; Green & Barker, do; Olney, do; Jos. Peck, do. and the house---and a

large number of others in that neighborhood, with all the goods. The streets are filled with furniture and damaged goods, and numbers of families turned out of doors. The fire is still ravaging, and the damage already sustained is computed at 500,000 dollars."

FIRE AT WASHINGTON.

GEORGE-TOWN, Jan. 21.

Early last evening a fire was discovered in the S. E. part of the Treasury Office, city of Washington. A considerable number of persons assembled in a short time from the city and George-Town. Notwithstanding their exertions, however, and the active use of the engine belonging to the Office, within the house, the fire was not extinguished for several hours. It extended itself from the apartment where it communicated to one or two others, and penetrated into the second story; but fortunately did not reach the roof.

Had this building been consumed, besides the public loss, a number of private buildings would have been greatly endangered, particularly as the wind was high and blustering.

Some persons continued idle unconcerned spectators of a scene which threatened so much calamity. They have proved themselves destitute of the feelings of humanity, devoid of propriety, and a disgrace to human nature. Who can regard them without mingled indignation and contempt?

ALEXANDRIA, Jan. 22.

All the papers in one of the rooms of the Accountant's Office, it is said, were entirely destroyed by the late fire in the Treasury Department. The damage done to the building is estimated at from 1500 to 2000 dollars.

St. ANN'S BAY, (Jamaica) Dec. 12, 1800.

Yesterday morning at day-break, a wreck was discovered off the harbour of this place, about a league distant; Mr Sexton, the pilot, actuated by humanity, in most tempestuous weather, and the sea running very high, went off to her at the risk of his life and the loss of his negroes, in order to save the lives of the crew; but, behold, when he went on board, he found her totally abandoned, not having a soul on board. She proved to be a very fine schooner: and had painted on her stern, "The little John of Baltimore." Her main mast and foremast, having worked out of the steps and partners, fell overboard, but were confined to the vessel by the rigging. Mr. Sexton attempted to save the vessel by towing her into Dry-Harbour, but the sea being very high, and the wind fair to the North-ward, he could not effect it, and she drove up on the reef, opposite Blenheim Barquadier, where she went to pieces in a few hours.

BRUSSELS, Nov. 15.

Letters from Holland state that the storm of the 18th Brumaire, Nov. 9 has occasioned the most dreadful devastation throughout the Batavian Republic: the dykes of North-Holland, at the mouth of the Meuse, as well as the passage of the dyck, have been damaged, but measures have been taken by Government for having them repaired. Several merchant ships have been wrecked on different points of the coast of Holland, from the mouth of the Meuse to the Helder.---The English ships of war which were cruising on the coast have been driven out to sea, and it is supposed some of them must have been lost. However this may be, the garrison of Goree has been reinforced with 1400 men, and more troops are to be sent thither. The presence of an English division renders these precautions necessary. Besides, certain information has been obtained that the English are preparing for another Secret Expedition in their northern ports.

NOV. 26.

We are informed by letters from Ostend, that 12 or 14 masts have been thrown on shore between Nieuport and Dunkirk, which gives us reason to think that several vessels must have been lost during the violent gale which took place on the 18th (Nov. 9); five bodies have been found. More than two thousand houses have been damaged at Ostend, and seven mills in the neighborhood have been thrown down. The damage is estimated at more than 50,000 florins.

UNITED STATES COUNTRY DANCES,

FOR SALE, At No. 80 Broad-Way, and at John Harrison's Book-Store, No 3 Peck-Slip.

TO SCHOOL-MASTERS.

FURNITURE for a School-Room, for sale:---enquire of the printer. Jan. 24.

COURT of HYMEN.

HAIL, blissful state! design'd by Heav'n, to prove
That Man, the creature Man, was made to love.

MARRIED

On Wednesday evening last week, by the Rev. Mr. Collier, EZEKIEL ROBINS, Esq. to Miss CLARA JAGGAR, both of this city.

A gentleman was lately married at York, (Eng.) who had accomplished a pedestrian journey of 8736 miles in visiting the object of his affections. The lady, it seems, lived at a distance of two miles from her admirer, who constantly paid her a visit three times a week for fourteen years.

DIED.

On Sunday the 4th inst. at the house of Robert Wilson, esq. in Middlesex county, (N. J.) widow ANN HUTCHINSON, aged upwards of 101 years.

THEATRE.

On Monday evening will be presented, a play in five acts, called,

The Force of Calumny.

Translated from "DIE VERLAUMDER"
OF A. VON KOTZBUE.

BETWEEN THE PLAY AND AFTER-PIECE

THE PEASANT'S DANCE, BY M. LAURENCE,

To which will be added, A musical Barletta, called,

The Tragedy of Tragedies,

With the Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great.

NB. No admittance behind the scenes during the time of Rehearsal or Performance

MR. DUPORT.

PRESENTS his respectful compliments to the ladies and gentlemen of this city, and informs them that his BALL is fixed for TUESDAY EVENING, 10th February at Lovett's Hotel, No 68 Broad-Way, when a CADRIEL will be performed by 13 of Mr. Dupont's Scholars. Tickets at one Dollar each, to be had of Mr. Lovett any time previous to the evening for which the Ball is fixed. as all tickets sold at the door will be one Dollar and fifty Cents. The BALL for the children will be opened at 6, and for the Ladies and Gentlemen at 8 o'clock.

FOR SALE,

THAT valuable LOT OF GROUND, corner of Harman and East Rutgers-street, near the new Presbyterian Church. The Lot is 90 feet in length on Harman-street, and 27 feet in breadth on Rutgers street, with the privilege of a gang-way of 10 feet, in the rear, in Harman street. There is a pump of excellent water within a few feet of the premises. Also, two Lots of Ground at the head of Second-street, 25 feet in front and rear, and 37 1-2 feet deep, bounded by the ground of Alexander M'Grigor. For particulars enquire at No 50 Broad-street. Jan. 31 if

Hutchins Improved Almanacs

For the year 1801.

by the thousand, groce, dozen, &c. sold at No. 3 Peck-Slip.

Valuable Books,

Washington's Letters, Volney's Ruins, Campbell's Journey overland to India, Junius's Letters, Cowper's Translation of Homer, American Spectator, Flowers of Modern Travels, Goldsmith's England, Volney's Travels, Pope's Homer, Night Thoughts, Johnson's Rambler, Zimmerman on Solitude, Goldsmith's Animated Nature, Thomson's Seasons, Winterbotham's America, Cook's Voyages, Columbian Muse, Godwin's Political Justice, Mrs. Rowe's Letters, Pleasing Instructor, The Hive, Milton's Works, A Father's Instructions, Melish's Elegant Miscellanies, Flowers of History, Freneau's Poems, Humphrey's Works, Johnson's Lives of the Poets, Gibson's Surveying, &c. &c. &c.

COURT of APOLLO.

CALEDONIAN MAID.

OH! say, have you my Mary seen,
The Caledonian maid?
Or heard the shepherds on the green
Say where my Mary's stray'd?
The damsel is of angel mien,
With sad and downcast eyes:
The shepherds call her Sorrow's Queen,
So pensively she sighs.

But why those sighs so sadly swell,
Or why her tears so flow,
In vain they press the lovely girl
The innate cause to know,
Ere reason form'd her tender mind,
The virgin learnt to love;
Compassion taught her to be kind:
Deceit she was above.

And, had not war's terrific voice
Forbidden the nuptial bands,
Ere this had Sandy been her choice
And Hymen join'd our hands:
But since the sword of war is sheath'd,
And peace resumes her charms,
My ev'ry joy is now bequeath'd
Unto my Mary's arms.

SONG.

SOON the Cherub of Love shall the tidings impart,
That I've ta'en to my arms the dear girl of my heart;
On our journey thro' life we may meet many foes,
Yet the world we must take just as the world goes.

At the gay chequer'd scene of life's giddy maze,
Blest with thee for my wife! I'll indifferently gaze;
Let but cherry-cheek'd health our moments beguile,
And the frowns of ILL-LUCK we'll disperse with a smile.

Should misfortune assail us, those gales I'll call MINE,
Whilst the gales of good-luck shall be reckon'd as THINE,
But whatever sensations these gales may create,
Let our conduct be just---then rely upon Fate.

Should my Anna e'er think that I've acted amiss,
And so thinking refuse me the boon of a kiss;
Thus my error I'll plead---whilst my reason is left,
I'll blush at my guilt---then be guilty of THEFT.

Should our union be blest with an offspring of love,
A friend---a protector---a father I'll prove---
And oh! it should be---would fate hear my prayer,
To thy graces---thy form---thy virtues---the heir;

As our hair silvers o'er, and by age we grow weak,
And thy bloom be no more, but furrow'd thy cheek;
When we view our lives past, may they spotless appear,
And ne'er make those furrows the course for a TEAR!

ANECDOTE.

A POOR fellow who was sentenced to be hanged some time ago in Ireland, when he came to the gallows, observed, that the Judge did not say he should be hanged by the neck, and therefore demanded to be suspended by the heels. The Sheriff observed that at all events he must be hanged until he was dead. "Och then," says Pat, "if that's the case, neck against heels forever---hang away, Mr. O'Mullibane!"

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The subscribers and others, are respectfully informed, by the last arrival, an assortment of the latest publications has been received and added to the library, for the benefit of the readers---and among others.

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Constantia Neville; or the West-Indian, a Novel, vols. by Helena Wells.

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Rimualdo, or the Castle of Badaios, a Romance, W. H. Ireland, Author of the Abbess, &c. 4 vols.

Tales of the Abbey, founded on historical facts, by Kendall, author of Derwent Priory, Castle on the Rock.

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